



## Colonel *TITUS* his Address to *OLIVER CROMWELL*.

Prefix'd to a certain *Treatise*, wherein the Author (under the borrow'd Name of *William Allen*) proves, that *Killing the Usurper* was *No Murder*.

To His Highness *OLIVER CROMWELL*.

*May it please your Highness,*

**H**OW I have spent some Hours of the *Leisure* your Highness hath been pleas'd to give me, this following Paper will give your Highness an Account. How you will please to interpret it I can't tell; but I can, with Confidence, say, my Intention in it is to procure your Highness that *Justice* no Body yet does you; and to let the People see, the longer they defer it, the greater *Injury* they do both themselves and you. To your Highness justly belongs the Honour of *dying for the People*: And it can't chuse but be an unspeakable Consolation to you, in the last Moments of your Life, to consider, with how much *Benefit* to the World you are like to leave it. 'Tis then only, my Lord, the *Titles* you now *Usurp* will be truly yours: You will then be indeed the *Deliverer of your Country*, and free it from a *Bondage* little inferior to that from which *Moses* deliver'd his: You will then be that true *Reformer*, which you would now be thought: *Religion* shall be then restor'd; *Liberty* asserted; and *Parliaments* have their *Privileges* they have fought for: We shall then hope, that *other Laws* will have Place besides those of the *Sword*; and that *Justice* shall be otherwise defined, than the Will and Pleasure of the *Strongest*: and we shall then hope that Men will keep *Oaths* again, and not have the *Necessity* of being false and perfidious to preserve themselves, and be like their *Rulers*.

All this we hope, from your Highness's happy *Expiration*, who are the true *Father of your Country*: For while you live, we can call nothing ours; and it is from your *Death*, that we hope for our *Inheritances*.

Let this Consideration arm and fortify your Highness's Mind 'against the Fears of Death, and the Terrors of your evil *Conscience*, that the *Good* you will do by your *Death* will somewhat ballance the *Evils* of your *Life*. And if, in the black Catalogue of *High Malefactors*, few can be found, that have liv'd more to the *Affliction and disturbance of Mankind*, than your Highness hath done; yet your greatest Enemies will not deny, but there are likewise as few, that have expired more to the *universal Benefit of Mankind*, than your Highness is like to do.

To hasten this great *Good*, is the chief End of my writing this Paper; and if it have the Effect I hope it will, your Highness will quickly be out of the Reach of Men's Malice, and your Enemies will only be able to wound you in your *Memory*, which Strokes you will not feel.

That your Highness may be speedily in this *Security*, is the *universal Wish* of your grateful Country! This is the Desire and Prayer of the *Good* and of the *Bad*; and, it may be, is the only Thing, wherein all *Seets and Factions* do agree in their Devotions, and is our only *Common-Prayer*. But amongst all that put in their Requests and Supplications for your Highness's speedy *Deliverance* from all *Earthly Troubles*, none is more assiduous, nor more fervent, than He, that with the rest of the Nation, hath the Honour to be,

*(May it please your Highness)*

Your Highness's present Slave and Vassal,

W. A.